

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by Benj. S. and J. Elizabeth Jones; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

\$1.00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.

\$1.25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and

\$1.50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for less than one year to be paid invariably in advance.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, James BARNABY.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write it distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the County and State in which said office is located.

2. When the Post Office address of a paper is to be changed, be particular to give the name of the office from which it is to be changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrears cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrears are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, first pay all arrears, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

TO POST MASTERS.

We have not unfrequently received papers returned to us with "Refused" written on them, sometimes they also have the P. O. address, and sometimes no evidence of what portion of the globe they came from. This is not such notice as the law requires to be given; and we therefore desire that in case of discontinuance you will frank a letter (not charge us postage as some have done) that may be placed on file, giving the reason of the discontinuance if known to you.—This, though required by law, has been omitted in very many cases.

Mob at Washington.

The escape and re-capture of the 77 fugitive slaves who left Washington city, created, as might be expected, a considerable excitement. The office of the National Era was attacked, and some of the anti-slavery members of Congress threatened with personal violence. On the 20th ult. Palfrey of Mass. presented the following resolution to the House.

Whereas common report has represented to members of this House that a lawless mob has assembled within the District of Columbia on each of the two nights last past, and has committed acts of violence, setting at defiance the laws and constituted authorities of the United States, and menacing individuals of this body, and other persons residing in this city: Therefore

Resolved. That a select committee of five members be appointed to inquire into the facts above referred to; that said committee have power to send for persons and papers; and to report facts, with their opinion as to whether any legislation is necessary or expedient in the premises; and that they further have leave to sit during the sessions of this House.

The Speaker declared it constituted a privileged question, and was therefore in order. An appeal was taken from his decision, and after some debate pro and con, the House adjourned without coming to any decision.

Several members expressed the opinion that the House should only extend protection for words spoken on that floor in debate, and had no right to interfere in any other difficulty.

Jos. R. Ingersoll, said, besides the express

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 3.—NO. 38.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 142.

From "Slavery as it is."

Kind Treatment.

It is no marvel that slaveholders are always talking of their kind treatment of their slaves. The only marvel is, that men of sense can be gulled by such professions. Despotism always insists that they are merciful. The greatest tyrants that ever dripped with blood have assumed the titles of "most gracious," "most clement," "most merciful," &c., and have ordered their cringing vassals to accost them thus. Who did not vice lay claim to those virtues which are the opposites of its habitual crimes? The guilty, according to their own showing, are always innocent and courageous; and drunkards sober, and harlots chaste, and pickpockets honest to a fault. Every body understands this. When a man's tongue grows thick, and he begins to hiccup and walk cross-legged, we expect him, as a matter of course, to protest that he is not drunk; so when a man is always singing the praises of his own honesty, we instinctively watch his movements and look out for our pocket-books. Whoever is simple enough to be hoodwinked by such professions, should never be trusted in the streets without somebody to take care of him. Human nature works out in slaveholders just as it does in other men, and in American slaveholders just as in English, French, Turkish, Algerian, Roman and Grecian. The Spartans boasted of their kindness to their slaves, while they whipped them to death by thousands at the altars of their gods. The Romans lauded their own mild treatment of their bondmen, while they branded their names on their flesh with hot irons, and when old, threw them into their flesh ponds, or like Cato "the Just," starved them to death. It is the boast of the Turks that they treat their slaves as though they were their children, yet their common name for them is "dogs," and for the worst trifles, their feet are bastinadoed to a jelly, or their heads clipped off with the scimitar. The Portuguese pride themselves on their gentle bearing toward their slaves, yet the streets of Rio Janeiro are filled with naked men and women yoked in pairs to carts and wagons, and whipped by drivers like beasts of burden.

Slaveholders, the world over, have sung their praises of their tender mercies towards their slaves. Even the wretches that plied the African slave trade, tried to rebut Clarkson's proofs of their cruelties, by speeches, affidavits, and published pamphlets, setting forth the accommodations of the "middle passage," and their kind attentions to the comfort of those whom they had stolen from their homes, and kept stowed away under hatches, during a voyage of four thousand miles. So, according to the testimony of the autocrat of Russia, he exercises great clemency towards the Poles, though he exiles them by thousands to the snows of Siberia, and tramples them down by millions, at home. Who discredits the atrocities perpetrated by Ovando in Hispaniola, Pizarro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico,—because they filled the ears of the Spanish Court with protestations of their benign rule! While they were yoking the enslaved natives like beasts to the draught, working them to death by thousands in their mines, hunting them with bloodhounds, torturing them on racks, and broiling them on beds of coals, their representations to the mother country teemed with eulogies of their masterly sway! The bloody atrocities of Philip II. in the expulsion of his Moorish subjects, are matters of imperishable history.—Who disbelieves or doubts them? And yet his courtiers magnified his virtues and enhanced his clemency and his mercy, while the wail of a million of victims, smitten down by a tempest of fire and slaughter, let loose at his bidding, rose above the *Tor de Nantz* that thundered from all Spain's cathedrals. When Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes, and proclaimed two millions of his subjects free plunder for prosecution,—when from the English channel to the Pyrenees the mangled bodies of the *Protestants* were dragged on reeking hurdles by a shouting populace, he claimed to be "the father of his people," and wrote himself "His most Christian Majesty."

From the *Ram's Horn*.

Q.—"A nigger by the name of Aldridge—no doubt one of our Wilmot Province men—has been playing Zanga in 'The Revenge,' and Mungo in 'The Padlock,' at the Surrey with considerable cleverness. He was of course called before the curtain, and made a speech. If he has not a white wife, it is not for want of tenders. They like this species of amalgamation in England, and are no respectors of colors."

The above is from the *Sunday Times*, edited by M. M. Noah, and is a fair specimen of his ribaldry and demagogery. His brethren the Jews have been in bondage for centuries in most parts of the world, and are at present, and although himself in the enjoyment of liberty, he is, and ever has been, an advocate for human bondage. Living in a free State, he takes every opportunity to urge the extension of slavery, and traduce the people of color, although one half of our people are whiter than his brethren in Chatham street, and quite as respectable. The *Sunday Times*, professedly a neutral paper, is "Old Hunker," but to keep up appearances, and especially to keep his subscribers, he covers it over with a thin veil of deception, in order to have a free channel to abuse those who love liberty and equality, and especially the Wilmot Proviso men.

The Major has been purchased so many times himself by the political parties, it may have colored his mind as to the wickedness of buying and selling human beings. The extract proves that in England, the most enlightened and powerful nation on the globe—in London, the metropolis of the world, and centre of civilization; yes, even in "old Surrey," a man of color was called out at the end of the play to receive the plaudits of the audience. We never remember to have heard of the Major being called for after the presentation of one of his plays—or of their being presented a second time. One of them was put on the Boards of the Broadway Theatre a few evenings since, and our informant says if there was any applause, it could not be heard in the gallery where he sat, and which in this free country is the only place in a theatre a person of color is allowed to occupy. The play was not repeated, and probably never will be. These circumstances, and the "nigger's" success, may have mortified the Major. We think not, however.—The Major has ever been a liberty-hating Democrat [or Whig] since we first knew him.

FRENCH SLAVE POSSESSIONS.—The action of the Provisional Government of France in relation to the abolition of Slavery in the French West India Colonies, having directed public attention to their condition and population, a correspondent of the National Intelligencer furnishes the following statistics of the white and slave population in the several colonies:

	Free Whites.	Slaves.
Isle of Bourbon,	17,037	45,000
Guadalupe,	26,743	96,684
Martinique,	36,766	78,233
Total,	83,546	219,917

APRIL 17th, 1848.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!—THE MONSTER WRATHING!—CHASE AFTER REPUBLICAN PROPERTY!!!—VENGEANCE STALKS A-BROAD!!!

The Capital of this great republic is all excitement to-day. Sixty-three pieces of republican property, owned by sundry republicans of this District, took their departure towards the North Star on Saturday night last.

A Negro owned by one of the officers of the District, being suspected as knowing to the facts, was questioned yesterday forenoon—threatened, flogged, and finally confessed that he had intended to leave with his brethren, but his courage failed, and he determined to wear the chains awhile longer. He was compelled to confess that the whole sixty-three were taken aboard of a small schooner, and taken down the river and conveyed aboard a large one, and they were to be taken thence to the head of the gulph. Immediately the Telegraph was set in motion, and the news went to Baltimore. A steamboat started from there in pursuit. It was some eight or ten hours behind the schooner. The people here are confident that she will be overtaken. The Negro says that the Captain received four dollars per head for taking them away. If the poor fellow is overtaken, it will be a penitentiary job for him. Heaven send him propitious gales. I don't want to see him incarcerated in the horrible, dark prison cell. All sorts of vengeance is threatened him. Some say that they will hang him without judge or jury, and others that he ought to be roasted alive. Now all this is very naughty talk; it makes my blood chill in my veins, to hear threats of this character from Washington people. The master was talked over in our mess at dinner to-day. It was deprecated, of course, by the majority, and especially by some of the honourables. A German student present, who lately came over *de pig water*, had not heard of it. The facts were stated to him. Well, said a Southerner at my elbow, ought not that Captain to be flogged alive? "If dash i' von republican government," said the German. "I hope that no steamboat will be blown to the devil, before they catch him." Amen, thought I, before I had time to consider upon the *heinous* character of such a thought—I however retracted, and thought it would be best to wish her hard upon some Polk snags, or on shore. What will become of this city, if the unwarded laborers, whose souls and bodies belong to the noble guardians of American liberty in this far-famed spot, shall take such tremendous strides towards Victoria's regions? I know not. All kinds of threats are openly made against the abolitionists of the District. I think, however, that these blustering puppes of the slave power will not presume to carry their designs into execution. They not only quail before the omnipotent power of truth, but before the frenemy who dares to defend it. If man has no right, either by divine or human laws, to hold property in man, then away with that false delicacy that would not congratulate those sixty-three slaves if they are so fortunate as to obtain that precious boon of liberty which they so much pant after. And I have as much right to express my congratulations in their behalf, as Congress was of course rejected, but it will come up again on Monday next.

Where am I? Standing in the Capitol of the nation. The star spangled banner is waving over me. Around me are the representatives of the "Model Republic." Hark! what means that groan of anguish? It is Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not—Better for them had they never been born—such is the deep feeling of her heart. I cast my eye over the nations of the earth—Thrones are tottering—chains are falling—Hush! I hear a sound of joy. It is the democracy glorifying the French revolution.

Hark again! It is the same democracy cursing and gnashing with their teeth upon a man who would rescue his fellow man in his own land from chains. They clamor for blood; not of tyrants, but of him who would dethrone tyranny.

"Hail Columbia! happy land!"

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1848.

MESSES. EDITORS:—The House of Representatives now meets at 12 o'clock. To-day is Monday, and by a vote it has been set apart as a day in which members shall be privileged to move to suspend the rules, by doing which they may be permitted to introduce some favorite resolution or measure.—To suspend the rules requires either the unanimous consent of the House, or a vote of two-thirds of those present. Heretofore, motions to suspend the rules have been in order on any day; the consequence of which was, that at the commencement of almost every day's session, there would be several motions made of this kind, the ayes and noes would be called, which generally takes about one half of an hour, and thus a good part of the day was frequently consumed, staved off, and no one could tell when any measure would come before the House. To remedy this evil, Monday is now set apart for the special purpose of making these motions.—They are generally of a humbug character, and are made for *Buncome*. Members who do not expect that their measures will carry, and indeed do not wish to have them, nevertheless, in order that their names may figure in the newspapers, or that they may show special zeal in some measure popular with their constituents, will get up a resolution, and move that the rules may be suspended that they may present it. They often do it, and call the yeas and nays, in order to get their political opponents to record their votes against some motion which they think will be popular with the country. One of the motions made to-day by Charles J. Ingersoll, was of this kind. It was to instruct the committee of Ways and Means to consult with the Secretary of the Treasury, and inquire into the expediency of reducing the duties upon French goods, in order to help, as he said, "the French in their struggle for liberty!" Mr. Holmes of S. C., advocated the measure, because, if we would do so, France would reduce her duties upon our tobacco, and thus greatly benefit the South.—Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, moved to amend the resolution, so as to instruct the committee to inquire simply what changes ought to be made in the tariff of '46. This was a "poser," and Mr. Bailey, of Virginia, to get out of the difficulty, moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was carried, and thus ended this humbug, or attempt to make *Lo-e capital out of the French revolution*.—Charles J. Ingersoll is a heavy sinner in the business of humbugging.

The Democrats of the House are in great trouble at this time, to get the Ten Regiment bill before the House, that it may be speedily passed. It now lies upon the table, and cannot be taken from thence except by a vote of two-thirds. The Whigs are determined that it shall not be passed at all, if the treaty of peace be sanctioned by Mexico; and before they act upon the Ten Regiment bill, and raise any more men for the war, they are disposed to wait and see if Mexico will sanction the treaty. The Democrats are anxious for the passage of the bill immediately. You see it gives to the President the appointment

of some 500 officers! Now should Mexico sanction the treaty, and the bill should not be passed at all, why, then the President would not have the privilege of feeding five hundred hungry partisans; nor wherewith to buy votes to defeat the Wilmot Proviso. Why then should we wonder at the zeal of his partisans to press action upon this bill?

WASHINGTON, April 19.

On Saturday last, a vessel from the North brought here a load of wood, and when it took away with it between eighty and ninety slaves. Telegraphic despatches were sent, as soon as their departure was discovered, in every direction. A steamboat was immediately chartered and went in pursuit, having on board between fifty and sixty men, all armed. They found the vessel lying at anchor at the mouth of the Potomac, when the slaves, captain and crew were immediately taken into possession of the pursuers.—This morning the slaves were driven in a body through the streets to the jail of the District. Mothers with infants at their breasts, little boys and girls leading each other, and men tied together in gangs. On the one side were weeping, and mourning, and wailing; on the other were cursing, and threatening, and blasphemy the most horrible.

Some of the little children were *whiter* than the ruffians that drove them. The slaves are all lodged in the jail, as also is the captain and crew. The captain was saved from the mob, by being put into a carriage and hurried through the streets. The city is in the midst of great excitement. The colored population are in anguish. They know that the runaways will be separated from friends and kindred, and scattered over the land, to see each other's faces no more. As I passed along by several small collections of blacks, I saw the tears rolling down many cheeks; one gray headed old woman in particular, wrung her hands and cried, "O, my son, my son, must I see thee no more forever!" Her child was among the doomed. Poor fellow; he will not see his mother again this side of heaven. As no mercy will be shown, the separation, for example sake, will be as cruel and heart-rending as possible. There have been threats of mobbing the Era, and application, I understand, has been made to the Mayor for protection. Let slaveholders do their worst. A revolution will come, and that too, at no distant day. The clanking of chains, and the walls of the enslaved are not forever to be heard in this land. God speed the day when Liberty shall come—come, as I trust, in the still voice of Peace; but let it come though it be in a whirlwind, excited by the malediction of oppression.

On the opening of Congress this morning, Mr. Giddings moved to suspend the rules, that he might offer some resolutions. Mr. Mead, of Virginia, objected to their being read. This was a want of courtesy unheard of in the House. When reminded of this fact, he said he was willing they should be read, "if they did not relate to slavery." At length he withdrew his opposition, and they were read. They proposed, with a suitable preamble, that a committee of five be appointed to inquire whether eighty men, women and children were confined in the jail of this District, who were not charged or convicted of any crime—if so, what authority the jail was used for that purpose, and report what laws ought to be adopted to prevent such outrage in future. Mr. Burt, of S. C., and Mr. Holmes, looked daggers; and the latter gentleman went for the hanging of those who were concerned in the matter of the slaves' escape. Mr. G.'s motion was of course rejected, but it will come up again on Monday next.

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I wrote you yesterday that there were demonstrations of a mob to destroy the office of the National Era, and that Dr. Bailey had sought protection from the police. He very wisely put his office under the care of the city government. In the course of the night, about five hundred collected in front of the office, determined to break it into and destroy the press, type, &c. The Mayor of the city was lying on his sick bed, and was unable to be present. Only two of the city police appeared, but Captain Goddard of the Auxiliary Guard, (a body of men supported by Congress to preserve the peace of the city,) was there, and took his stand in the door and declared that if any man entered he must do it over his dead body. He addressed the mob, and told them they were led on by worthless slave-traders. This was the fact. One of the owners of the slave-pen of the district was there, urging the mob on to violence. There was also a clerk from the Treasury Department engaged in it, as I am told, and fortunately received a wound on the head from a stone thrown by one of the mob.

About 12 at night the mob dispersed, after breaking several windows and after having called a meeting at the City Hall for this evening, the object of which is to call in assistance from the country, organize, and complete the work of destruction to night.

The crisis is come which is to determine whether the liberty of the press is to be maintained in this district, or whether it shall fall beneath this tyranny of slavery.

Mr. Seaton of the Intelligencer, and mayor of the city, sent for Mr. Bailey this morning, and expressed a determination to do all in his power to protect his property. The marines of the Navy Yard, under the command of General Henderson, I understand are to be in readiness to maintain the peace of the city.—If so, blood will flow if necessary to sustain law and order.

Supposing that the captain of the vessel and the crew who were taken prisoners for aiding the escape of the slaves, would be without sympathy or counsel, Mr. Giddings and myself went to the jail to offer our services. Admitted by the jailor into the first room, we found there some thirty or forty

gentlemen, who appeared much excited at our presence. We informed the jailor that we came as counsel for the prisoners, and desired to see them. He acknowledged our right, but as he started to admit us, he was called back by those present, who opposed our being permitted to see them. He however determined that we should see them, and unlocked a grated door which led up a pair of stairs into the second story. When we passed thro' it, he turned the key and gave it to the guard, and directed him to let no one in. We ascended the stairs, another grated door was opened, through which we entered into a narrow passage which led to the cells in which the prisoners were separately confined.

We asked them if they had any friends or counsel. They said they had not. We told them that we had come to assure them that they had friends who would see that they had a legal trial. One of the poor fellows burst into tears. As the examination is to come off to-day, and Mr. Giddings could not be present on account of official duties, they desired me to act as their attorney, and wished to relate to me the circumstances. At this time an individual came up stairs, called the jailor to him, and told him that we should not be permitted to talk with the prisoners. He was a fierce-looking fellow, and evidently the head of a mob.

The jailor closed the door that led to the passage where we were, and locked it, locking himself in with us. He replied that we had a right as counsel to consult with our clients, and he should give us the enjoyment of the right. The leader of the mob then went down stairs, and soon came up again, with about thirty more, and declared to us that we should stay there no longer. They had compelled the guard to violate orders, give up the key, and open to them the door. The jailor was evidently somewhat alarmed; said he was unarmed and was afraid to have us go down; and declared to them we should not as long as they were there. They then went down the stairs. The jailor was still fearful to have us go down. We, however, assured him that we had no fears; that at least we were willing to risk ourselves. We then went down; the mob opened to the right and left, and let us pass, the leader declaring that we should not be hurt, but that the prisoners should be punished. We replied, that whether they were punished or not, was for the law to say, and not for us, but that we were determined that they should have a fair trial, and the aid of legal counsel.

The examination is to be had in the jail, and will take place in about one hour. I am going now to try again to get access to the prisoners, that I may learn from them their defense. I shall be present at the examination, and defend them, and I do not think that either pistols or bowie knives will deter me from discharging faithfully the duties of my profession.

Remember all this is in Washington City, and in a jail belonging to the National Government. There may be something Frenching about it before we get through.

R. S. H.

The Fugitive Freemen Re-caught.

From the Washington Union.

We have just had an interesting interview with H. C. Williams, Esq., who, at the request of several citizens of Georgetown, joined a volunteer party, and was elected their commander to proceed down the river in the steamer Salem, Captain Baker, to capture the sloop Pearl, of 30 tons, of Whitehill, N. J., owned by the master, (Edward Sayres,) Caleb Aranson, and another; who went down the Long Bridge, about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning last, but in consequence of getting aground, did not pass Alexandria till sunrise.

The party consisted of about thirty in number, besides the crew of the steamer, which left the wharf of Georgetown about 1 o'clock, P. M. Below Fort Washington they met the Mount Vernon, whose gentlemanly Captain (Rogers) could give no information of the "Pearl," as it had probably passed Aquia Creek before he came out. The wind being fair, the Pearl made a rapid sail, and, if it had continued on its course, would with difficulty, if at all, have been overtaken by the Salem.

The first intelligence received was from a fishing smack: and shortly thereafter (say about 5 o'clock, P. M.) more accurate information was obtained from Capt. Guyther of the steamer Columbia, from Baltimore. He stated he had passed a vessel answering the description of the Pearl, in the Nanjemoy road; making her then about fifteen miles ahead.

Captain Baker increased his speed, under the encouraging prospects, the wind and tide being now in his favor, and continued the chase with spirit, until about 4 o'clock Monday morning, when a vessel was espied at anchor, in Cornfield harbor, a cove on the Maryland shore, affording a good shelter from the high winds then blowing from the bay, and not likely to be observed by passing steamers; being a few miles from the light-house on Point Look Out.

Feeling confident, from the appearance of the vessel, that this was the Pearl, Captain Baker promptly closed upon the vessel, rounded to, and placed the steamer alongside.—The volunteers immediately jumped on board, but found no one on deck, the hatches being all closed. These were guarded, and Daniel Drayton, the supposed master and ring-leader of the thieves, was ordered to come up. After some time, and very reluctantly, he did so, and was placed under guard.—He confessed he was one of the guilty men who had received and concealed the slaves on board the vessel; admitted he had interviews with persons who had undertaken to send the slaves on board, but he would not give their names, saying if he did not, and should be convicted the abolitionists would support his family. The real Captain of the "Pearl," Edward Sayres, was then called and put under guard, his answers being evasive and unsatisfactory. The third white person on board, Chester English, said he had been duped and imposed upon by the other two; but he wept bitterly, and protested he had no part in the criminality of the crew.

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Admitted by the jailor into the first room, we found there some thirty or forty

gentlemen, who sprang from her bed. Her screams, and those of the poor girl, who was now thoroughly awakened to the dreadful truth, aroused my father, who hurried undressed from his chamber on the ground floor. My father's efforts were powerless against the three; they threw him off and with frightful imprecations hurried the girl to the carriage. Quickly as possible my father started in pursuit, and reached West Chester, only to learn that the carriage had driven through the borough at full speed about half an hour before. They had two horses to their vehicle, and there were three men besides those in the house. These particulars we gather from the colored boy Ned, who, from his hiding place, was watching them in the road.

When landed, the prisoners were guarded by the volunteers, and marched, in double file to the jail. So confident were the officers in the efficacy of the civil authority, that Major Williams prohibited the volunteers from carrying arms; and although followed by a large assembly no sign of disturbance occurred till near the avenue, when some indiscreet persons on both sides produced a disturbance, which caused the white prisoners, for their personal safety, to be sent in a back to the jail, under a charge of officers.—No cannon was carried on board the steamer, as has been reported. Too much credit cannot be given to Captain Baker and the volunteers for their energy and discretion in the whole proceeding.

From the National Intelligencer.

The following, which appeared in our Daily paper of Wednesday, will probably explain more particularly to the readers of this sheet the nature of the occurrences which gave rise to the excitement that has been so happily allayed:

[From our CITY REPORTER.]

During the whole of Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday last very great excitement has prevailed in this city and Georgetown, arising out of the fact that many citizens of the two places had been deprived of their servants, and its being ascertained that they had been taken on board a suspicious vessel which had brought wood to this city, and left the wharf at the foot of Seventh street on Saturday night, and set sail down the river. Although among the missing slaves were about eighteen or twenty from Georgetown, it was also ascertained there were more than thirty belonging to citizens of Washington.

The citizens of Georgetown determined on Sunday to give chase to the piratical schooner; and having procured the steamboat Salem, Captain Baker, the pursuers, about thirty in number, armed with muskets and other weapons, left Georgetown at 1 o'clock, and as quickly as possible followed the schooner down the Potomac. There were various reports in the city on Monday night that the runaway slaves had been captured, after a desperate struggle, in which seven of them were killed; but none of these reports were true. Nothing was known of either the fugitives or their pursuers until about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the Salem arrived at our steamboat wharf, bringing with her the schooner and all the slaves prisoners, together with Edward Sayres, a white man, who was captain of the schooner, and a person named Daniel Drayton, of Philadelphia, who had chartered her.

It appears that the Salem discovered the schooner (called the Pearl) lying in Cornfield harbor, at the mouth of the Potomac, about two o'clock on Monday morning. The fugitives, 77 in number, were fast asleep below, and Edward Sayres, the captain, Chester English, a white boatman, and Daniel Drayton were also below. The Salem immediately ran along side the Pearl, the Georgetown party almost instantaneously boarded her, fastened down the hatches, and secured the fugitives and the white men on board. The movement was a rapid and successful one, and all on board the Pearl were made prisoners without bloodshed, although it was evident that the slaves would have resisted if there had been any chance of escape.

On the arrival of the Salem and the schooner at the steamboat wharf yesterday a large number of persons were assembled, some of whom used very threatening language towards the white men who were brought up prisoners; and if the latter escaped without serious personal injury, it was owing to the prudence and firmness of the guard by whom they were attended, and their being quickly conveyed to jail in a hack, which was pressed into immediate requisition.

We called at the jail yesterday, after the reading of the resolution. [Several voices:]

Mr. GIDDINGS rose and said he objected to the reading of the resolution. [Several voices:]

Mr. MEADE rose and said he objected to the reading of the resolution. [Several voices:]

The SPEAKER directed the Clerk to abstain from reading the resolution until the House came to order. He then desired gentlemen to take their seats; and order having been restored, he said the Chair understood that the gentleman from Va. (Mr. MEADE) objected to the reading of the resolution.

In strictness the reading of a resolution for information might be objected to, but it had been the uniform practice of the House when a gentleman asked for the reading of a resolution to allow it to be read by general consent for information merely. The Chair agreed to the reading of the resolution.

The fugitives consist of eighteen men, twenty-six women, and thirteen children.—They are now all in prison.

It is certainly very much, as we conceive, to the credit of the pursuing party that they succeeded in capturing the fugitives and their aids and abettors without bloodshed, and in so expeditious and effectual a manner.

From the Pa. Freeman.

Daring Outrage!—Burglary and Kidnapping!

The following letter tells its own startling and most painful story. Every man and generous heart must burn with indignation at the villainy it describes, and bleed with sympathy for the almost heart-broken sufferers.

—

DOWNTON, 19th April, 1848.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MAY 5, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

The Model Republic.

We had been thinking of the great events that have recently transpired in Europe—how reform was progressing there, sweeping with resistless force even over the Holy City—how the battle cry of Liberty that went up from the hills and valleys of sunny France found a response in the hearts of millions of the subjects of neighboring monarchs—how Tyranny trembled for her power, and Royalty stood aghast. There seemed to be scarcely a nation in Europe but what was represented in the great Council of Freedom; and we were tempted to believe it was by concert of action, by well matured and admirably executed plans that so much was effected in so brief a period. Where—we asked ourselves—where will the next revolution be? What people will next strike for freedom, or demand their rights at the hands of their oppressors. We eagerly watched every arrival for intelligence, we closely scanned the columns of the papers for the announcement. It came at last, and what was it?

Seventy-six slaves have escaped from their masters in the city of WASHINGTON, the capitol of the great republic of North America, and have been pursued and retaken.—

One of the most detestable features in the system of American Slavery is the re-capture of fugitives. We can conceive of the possibility of slaveholders deceiving themselves in the belief that the wretched victims of their power are contented and happy in their servitude and degradation, so long as they remain in the possession of those who claim them, without apparent coercion; but when, by their struggle for liberty, by their willingness to dare all and suffer all that they may be free, they give the strongest evidence of their desire to be men; it is the very essence of meanness, the perfection of tyranny to drag them back to their prison house and their chains.

When the people of France threw off the dominion of Louis Philippe, and forced him to flee from their presence, America could rejoice or pretend to rejoice in the event. Not only did the people of this nation hold meetings of sympathy and pass resolutions of congratulation, but the nation as such, speaking through its House of Representatives and its Senate, expressed its satisfaction and delight with the dethronement of the citizen king. The resolutions of the American people and the American Congress had scarcely crossed the Atlantic, before another struggle for freedom was made. Not, it is true, by those who dwell within the shadow of the hoary despotisms of Europe, but by those who live upon the soil of this republic; not by a nation strong in its might, counting its force by millions, but by a handful of unnationalized people who had no country, no home; not by those who were armed and equipped for the work of death, but by men, women, and children whose fettered hands left them no power of redress, no means of defence but in flight. Here was a case strongly appealing to every true lover of liberty; for if the subjects of a European king should be cheered on in their struggle for freedom, how much more should the slaves of an American despot receive sympathy and support! But how did the people and the government of this land receive the intelligence of the escape of the seventy-six fugitives?—It came like a thunderbolt upon them, it produced the same effect that the announcement of the existence of a French Republic did upon the Emperor Nicholas—"Gentlemen," said he to the officers about him, "be prepared to put foot in stirrup at a moment's warning." Men who had pretended to love liberty for France gave pursuit to the flying bondmen, and when they had been recaptured and closely secured, there was as much exultation among republican despots, as there was in Russia over the ruins of Poland, when Nicholas proclaimed "Order reigns in Warsaw."

In another place we record the phlegmatic, business-like account of the event as given by the National organs of the Democratic and Whig parties. Heartless as they are, they are not more heartless than the parties they so truly represent. We have also placed upon record resolutions upon the subject prepared by Joshua R. Giddings, but which the house refused to give him leave to present—resolutions briefly stating the facts in the case, and calling for the appointment of a committee to ascertain by what authority a prison built and sustained with the people's money is used as a pen in which to confine fugitive slaves. So it appears that the United States government not only tolerates their recapture, but becomes accessory after the fact, and severely punishes men because they love liberty, and then coward-like shrink from an investigation of its acts. Would it not be well for the political clubs of Paris which were organized to promote the extension of freedom, to give the case of the seven-

enty-six fugitives prompt attention, and for every resolution of sympathy which America has sent to France return her one of indignation and keen rebuke.

The immediate result of the recapture has been just what might have been anticipated—intense excitement, demonstrations of violence on the part of the tyrants, their abettors, and sympathizers; and the sale of at least a portion of the offenders to the far South—that worse than Siberian exile. God grant that this act may kindle such a fire that the fetters of the slaves shall speedily be melted from their limbs; and we hope that the next band who attempt to flee from the land of bondage may number not seventy-six only, but seventy-six thousand.

C. M. Clay's Letter.

We intimated last week that the bomb shell of a letter thrown by Cassius M. Clay, would create a commotion in the Whig ranks; and the editor of the first Whig paper which we afterwards received—the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal—see is down upon Cassius with all the vengeance of a politician whose track has been crossed. He calls the letter "a presumptuous epistle," a "splendid and stilted letter," a "laborious philippic," another wanton and slanderous attack upon Mr. Clay, "a gross violation of decency, not to say obvious aberration from truth."

The manifestation of such feeling was to be anticipated from the supporters of Henry Clay, but the Journal has gone to an unexpected length in its defense of the Ashland slaveholder in becoming the apologist and advocate of mob violence. Take for instance the following sentiments:

"What is this attack? Will it bear examination, or appear to be anything else than the expression of spleen, which Cassius M. Clay might naturally feel toward Henry Clay because he did not give countenance to the insane conduct of the former, which excited the mass of reputable citizens of all parties against him, and expelled his press from Lexington?"

* * * * *

"Here is the whole case in a sentence.—Because Mr. Clay did not volunteer to step forward in the face of a justly outraged community, and sustain Cassius M. Clay in the conduct of an insane assassin, who in the name of human rights invoked the knife of a slave against the fair skinned women, which were only separated by a pane of glass—because, we repeat, Mr. Clay did not interpose as the defender of this insane pretender, he becomes the enemy of Clay!"

* * * * *

Henry Clay, could only regard the rising against Cassius M. Clay with reference to the real merits of the quarrel, as between one citizen and a body of citizens, whose peace was threatened and outraged. That he did not interfere, we think, with all our repugnance to slavery, was right and proper."

If this is not a defence of those mobocrats of Lexington whom the courts have fined for their violation of law—what is it? Run the three extracts into one—condense the language and it will read thus:—

"The insane conduct of Cassius M. Clay so excited reputable citizens against him that they destroyed his press. Cassius was an insane assassin who invoked the knife of the slave against fair-skinned women; and when the respectable mob rose up to vindicate the law and strike down the freedom of the press—hundreds against one, and that one stretched upon a sick bed, it was right and proper for Henry Clay to refuse to interfere."

The character of Henry Clay is very low indeed, if his friends, in order to defend it, and patch up its reputation so as to last through the coming campaign, must defend mob law, and libel a man, who, however inconsistent he may be, never coward-like forsook a friend in the hour of danger.

The Executive Committee

Will meet on the 7th of May. A full attendance is desirable.

The Three Prisoners.

Daniel Drayton, Chester English, and Edward Sayers, the three men who recently attempted to act the part of the Good Samaritan by going to the city of Washington to succor those who had fallen among thieves, to bind up their wounds and bring them to the Inn of Freedom, have been committed to prison to answer at the June term of the Criminal Court for having stolen, taken, and carried away seventy-six slaves on the 15th of April 1848. The bail demanded by the committing magistrate was \$76,000—\$1,000 for each slave. Shane, shame on this hypocritical nation—ever acting a lie and pretending to speak the Truth. George 4th would have hung George Washington as a rebel could he have caught him; and yet we are not aware that Washington ever did as meritorious an act as the three men above named have been imprisoned for doing—never offered as acceptable an oblation upon the altar of Freedom as they have done; and yet a member of the American Congress declared unbeknown within the walls of the Capitol that these practical advocates of Liberty and the Rights of Man, should be hung!

INFAMOUS.—When fifty of the re-captured slaves were about to be sent to Baltimore to the far South, the Rev. Mr. Slicer, Chaplain of the Senate, was present at the rail-road depot, shook hands with the slave-trader, and appeared pleased with the scene; so says a correspondent of the "Spirit of Freedom."

The New York Legislature has abolished imprisonment for debt. Imprisonment for fines is rated at \$5 per day.

The Pillow-case Court of Inquiry has adjourned to the city of Washington.

Some skirmishes have been reported between the American and Mexican troops, but none that were considered of much importance. No definite news as yet of the Treaty. Conflicting statements are made as to the prospect of its being acceded to by the Mexican government.

The National Era.

The excitement in Washington directed against those who were actually engaged in the attempt to give freedom to seventy six American slaves, extended itself to the editor and offices of the National Era with what justice, may be seen by the following extract from that paper.

DISTURBANCE.

Last Saturday night, we learn, that some seventy or eighty slaves escaped from this place, in a sloop or schooner, and proceeded down the river. The fact was not discovered till next day, when a steamboat was despatched in pursuit. The fugitives, together with three white men, who navigated the craft, were caught, brought back, and imprisoned. A great deal of excitement was the result; and the cry soon rose among the crowd that the National Era was the cause of the mischief. Of course, there is no truth in this—not one particle. But, excited men do not inquire or reason. While we are writing this, at ten o'clock at night, a crowd of men and boys is collected about the office; many stones have been thrown; but the police are striving to do their duty. They may fail; the multitude may overpower them; but we hope for the best. We cannot but think that the sober second thought of the ringleaders in this affair will arouse compunction for this violent assault against the liberty of the press—a liberty in our case which even they dare not say has been abused.

All we have to say is, we stand by the property of the press, whatsoever the result.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK. The mob dispersed last night about 12 o'clock—thanks to the efficient conduct of Capt. Goddard and the rest of the police. The rumor that the office of the National Era was concerned in the escape of the slaves in the Pearl, is utterly groundless—this its originators know; but they are willing to use it to inflame popular feeling against our Press.—Whatever we do, we do openly. We cherish an instinctive abhorrence of any movement which would involve us in the necessity of concealment, strategy, or trickery of any kind.

No! No! We understand this outrage—it is aimed at the freedom of the Press.—We own and edit a paper which is as free as the winds of heaven. It bows neither to slavery nor to the mob. We stand upon our rights as a man and as an American citizen, and will use these rights, in speaking and writing freely upon any subject we please, despite all threats or violence. It is a damning disgrace, that at the very moment we are rejoicing with the people of France at their triumph over a Despot who undertook to enslave the press, an attempt should be made to strike down the freedom of the press in the Capital City of this Republic, in sight of the National Legislature.

We are again threatened—the outrage is to be repeated it is said. And for what? What is our offence? Is there a man in this community whom we have injured? Have we not been kind and courteous to all men, studious of the properties which ought to distinguish the discussion of all important questions? There is no man in this city who has examined our paper that finds any fault with its tone, style or temper.

Enough. We yield to no violence. We appeal to the good sense of this community, ay, and, as we said, the sober second thought of the infatuated persons who, in a paroxysm of blind excitement, assailed our press. It cannot be that in the nineteenth century, in the face of a world struggling for free thought, free speech, free action, and looking up to this Republic for example and encouragement, a free Press should be put down by violence in the capital city of this Republic.

We are sorry that Dr. Bailey has placed himself in a position where he must be so positive as to refrain from expressing his feelings in relation to the attempted escape and re-capture of the fugitive band, and must measure most cautiously his allusions to these exciting events. What he says about the *Freedom of the Press* is good; but an outspoken abolitionist would, we think, have had quite as much to say about the *Freedom of Mex*, and had he believed in fighting would have declared as Giddings did upon the floor of Congress, that these slaves had a right to free themselves by any means God had put in their power. And as the editor of the Era prefers to adhere to the administration of his diet of "milk for babes," we rejoice to know that there are some, even in the Capitol, who believe it best to feed men with "strong meat."

General Items.

The members of the New York Legislature are only paid for a session of one hundred days; if their business keeps them together longer than that, their services are rendered gratuitously. The last session adjourned just at the expiration of the one hundred days. Catch such men working for the public good without pay, if you can.

There is a man in New York who has been tapped for the dropsey 108 times, and had 326 gallons of water drawn from him.

The State of New York owns more than four hundred thousand acres of uncultivated land—or in other words withholds one thousand forty-acre farms from men who have not a foot of soil from whence to draw subsistence.

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Queen Victoria has six children, for the support of which the government makes an annual allowance to each child of \$165,000.

It takes forty persons to make a single piece of china, so minute is the division of labor among those who manufacture it.

The New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures have each passed a law declaring that property held by women at the time of marriage shall continue to be theirs, and shall not be liable for the debts of their husbands; and that all property bequeathed to them after marriage shall be held by them in like manner. This is good. 'Tis one step toward equality.

A sympathizer in New York propose raising a volunteer company to assist those who are fighting for freedom in Europe. The members of the company are to furnish \$100 each for the purpose of chartering a ship &c. We have not heard how many have signified their intention of joining.

The Sabbath Desecrated.

The seventy-six fugitives from Washington escaped on Saturday, and pursued was made on Sunday! We hope that this desecration of a holy day will not be permitted to pass unrebuked by sabbatarian pulpits and sabbatarian presses. For however evangelical it may be to hunt men, and women, and infant children on week days, we hardly think it a proper employment for Sunday, unless, indeed, it comes within the category of works of necessity or mercy.

Let us wait and see whether the advocates of evangelical religion feel as holy a horror of hunting human beings on the Sabbath, as they pretend to have of running stages, steam-boats, and rail-road cars on that day.

J. R. Giddings.

The following statement was presented by Mr. Palfrey as an amendment to his resolution in relation to the disturbances in the District. No action had been taken upon it when we last heard.

I. J. R. Giddings, a member of the House of Representatives, state, that during yesterday I heard from various respectable persons, that in the mob of Tuesday my name was mentioned, and my person threatened by individuals assembled; that my lodgings were inquiry for, and advised that I should be lynched by those engaged in the mob.

That friends who heard this, represented that I should be in danger if found by those engaged, and I was advised to arm myself to protect my person.

That during the forenoon of yesterday, I visited the jail of this District. I was not acquainted with the keeper; and when I arrived, I announced to him my name, and that I was a member of this body. That I further said to him that I wished to see the persons confined there on a charge of carrying away slaves from this District. I told him that I wished to say to them that they should have the benefit of counsel and a legal trial, and their rights should be protected, and desired him to be present. He went with me to the passage that leads to the cells.

While conversing with these men in the presence of the keeper, a mob came to the iron gate at the head of the stairway, and demanded that I should leave forthwith. The keeper informed me that he would not open the gate unless I left the building immediately. That I refused to do. The keeper assured them that he would not open the door until they retired. I was further informed, that the mob had compelled the guard at the lower gate to deliver up the key to them; and in this way they had opened that gate, and by that means obtained access to the passage at the head of the stairs.

After the mob had left the stairs, and entered the lower passage, the keeper and myself, and the Hon. E. S. Hamilton, who had visited the jail as attorney for the prisoners, with me, came down to the lower gate, in front of which the mob was assembled. He opened the gate, and I walked out. This morning I have been informed by a gentleman who is a stranger to me, but says he was present and heard the proposition made by individuals to lay violent hands upon me as I came out of the prison, one of whom, he informed me, was a Mr. Slater, a slave-dealer from Baltimore, whom he states to have been active in instigating others to violence.

This day, I have been informed by various individuals, that during the mob of last night, my lodgings were inquiry for, and my person threatened with violence and lynching.

I further state that I have no doubt of the accuracy of these statements to which I have referred.

The Case Reversed.

If, says Price, you have a right to make another man a slave, he has a right to make you a slave; and if we have no right says Ramsey, to sell him, no one has a right to purchase him.

If ever negroes, bursting their chains, should come (which Heaven forbid) on the European coast, to drag whites of both sexes from their families; to chain them and conduct them to Africa, and mark them with a hot iron; if whites stolen, sold, purchased by crimes, and placed under the guidance of merciless inspectors, were immediately compelled by the stroke of the whip, to work in a climate injurious to their health, where at the close of each day, they could have no other consolation than that of advancing another step to the tomb—no other perspective than to suffer and to die in all the anguish of despair—if devoted to the misery and ignominy, they were excluded from all the privileges of society, and declared legally incapable of judicial action, their testimony would not have been admitted even against the black class; if driven from the sidewalks, they were compelled to mingle with the animals in the middle of the street—if a subscription were made to have them lashed in a mass, and their backs, to prevent grangrene, covered with pepper and with salt—if the forfeit for killing them were but a trifling sum—if a reward were offered for apprehending those who escape from slavery—if those who escape

were hunted by a pack of hounds, trained to be promptly forwarded to those ordering them. He has made arrangements to furnish the citizens of Salem and vicinity—as well as all other prominent places of Northern Ohio—with any of these periodicals *free of postage*, and *at the publishers' prices*.

Subscriptions received by Moses D. Gove, (who has specimen Nos. of several periodicals) or at the Book Store of David L. Garbreath, Salem, where the publications will be delivered to subscribers each month as they become due.

Those wishing to subscribe for Periodicals to be sent by mail, can be furnished with whatever they may desire, by applying to JNO. HITCKCOCK, Post Office Buildings, Cleveland, O.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The result of the effort made last year by the Abolitionists of the West, to hold an Anti-Slavery Fair, was abundantly gratifying; and fully demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. The Call was promptly responded to by many, the avails of whose labor greatly aided the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and enabled it to prosecute its work with renewed vigor. The exigencies of the cause demand as much sacrifice and effort now as were needed then. The victory of Freedom is not yet won—the cloak of the bondman's fetters has not yet ceased—American women are still chattelized and inhumanized. The blighting influence that slavery has extended over the South and over the North, still exists—the Church is not yet purified of its iniquity, nor the State redeemed from its degradation. We therefore, friends of the Slave, appeal to you again—to your reverence for the Eternal principles of Right; and ask you to bring this year another offering that may be used for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth—for the increase of Anti-Slavery knowledge.

No inconsiderable portion of the donations at last year's Fair, was derived from the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant and the Manufacturer—will they not be as generous now as then, and each give ungrudgingly and liberally that which he has to bestow? Articles that cannot readily be transported to the Fair, may, with a little effort, be converted into money, or exchanged for goods that can be carried. Those who wish to aid in this work, need not be at a loss how to labor.—Where Sewing Circles are not already in operation, may we not confidently hope they will speedily be organized, that their varied gifts of beautiful and fancy articles may not be wanting?

The special object of the proposed Fair is to aid the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and all funds there received will be placed in its Treasury—no goods are solicited, and none will be sold for the benefit of any other object. Those who are willing to assist this Society in sustaining its various agencies for promoting Anti-Slavery agitation, for hastening the redemption of the enslaved, are earnestly invited to join us. We labor not for the advancement of any political party—for the furtherance of any measures that invoke the aid of brute force. It is by the strength of moral power

POETRY.

"Happy at Home."

BY MRS. S. F. OSGOOD.

Let the gay and the idle go forth when they will,
In search of soft pleasure, the syren of ill;
Let them seek it in Fashion's illuminated saloon,
Where melody mocks at the heart out of tune,
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'erladen;
And where, 'mid the garlands Joy only should braid,
Is Slander, the snake, by its rattle betray'd.
Ah! no! let the idle for happiness roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh how thrillingly sweet is that word,
And by it what visions of beauty are stirred!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room
With damask from India's exquisite loom;
The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will veil it, blushing too free;
The elegant tribes of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!
With these and my dear ones I care not to roam.

For oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

One bright, little room where the children may play,
Unwearful of spoiling the costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his heart;

The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh;
And the star-lamp alight on the table close by;

A few sunny pictures in simple frames shined—
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;

And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy, or soften the heart;

Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?

Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home!"

The little ones, weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!

And softly the simple affectionate prayer
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;

And now, ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry "good night,"

While I, with my needle, my book or my pen,

Or in converse with him am contented again,

And cry—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,

While blessings like these make me "happy at home!"

Little Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sprinting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the healthy fields,
Down within the woodland dell,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelteth many a little child;
In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull side—
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers, that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, everywhere.

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Whoso'er a foot hath gone,
Whoso'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found.
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their joys and with their fears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience.

Little children! not alone
On the wide earth are ye known;
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God;
Spotless, blameless, purified,
Little children, ye abide!

Can the Absent be Forgotten?

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can their memories ever die?
Were they loved, to be remembered
As a shadow on the sky?
Can the early ties that bound us,
Like to morning dreams depart?
Forbid it, heav'n, for then will cease
All truthfulness of heart.

Can the absent be forgotten,
Though their silence we regret?
No Lethe springs from this fair earth,
By which we can forget.

There is something in the memory
Of those we've loved and lost,
Upholds love's bark, o'er Time's vast sea,
However tempest toss.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can the lips that we have kissed—
The hands that we have pressed in ours,
Be lost, and not be missed?
Can the heart that throb'd to our heart's
throb—

The cheek that sought our breast,
As the swallow, wearied from afar,
Seeks its own chosen nest—

Can all these be forgotten—
As a foot-print on the sand,
The dew upon the hawthorn leaf,
We brush off with our hand!
Oh! no, there is a faith in love,
Whose impulses are pure,
That, like th' eternal mountains, God
Created to endure!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Prisoner's Friend.
The Suicide and its Cause.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

What is done, we partly may compute,
but never what is resisted."

The bright sun of a June morning was high in the heavens, and the pretty village of L.—lay smiling in its light. The dew-drops, resting on every leaf, and blade of grass, shone with the resplendence of jewels; the wing of bird and insect, that fluttered in the balmy atmosphere, was brilliant with rainbow-like hues, and the little river that wound its way silently through the town, flashed and gleamed in the sunlight like molten silver.

On a slight wooden bridge that spanned the bright stream, stood a small knot of men and boys, watching a dark mass that was borne downwards by the current, while they speculated as to what it might be. One thought it some waste material thrown from the factories above; another thought it a capsized boat, or some light shrubbery torn from the bank; while others, of keen vision, persisted that it was a human body, floating on the waters, and were devising means to bring it to the shore.

After some delay, a boat was obtained, and two men put off from the shore towards the floating body, which they, with some little difficulty secured, and lifted into the boat, when they rowed towards the shore. It was as they had supposed; the body was that of a young girl, hardly seventeen years of age, and some among the crowd that had collected on and around the bridge, recognized the form and features of one of the operatives of the factories, who, the day before, was tending her looms among them.

They bore the body to the nearest dwelling, and every means was employed to bring back the life that had departed; but the vital spark had wholly fled, and the physicians made way for the coroner, who proceeded to the usual formalities connected with holding an inquest over the corpse. But the testimony of the witnesses summoned, threw little light on the circumstances of the poor girl's death; and beyond the facts that she was a new comer to the town, was reserved, serious, and uncommunicative in her manners, preferring to be much alone; that she was reputed to be unprincipled and dishonest, and was generally disliked by her fellow-operatives, and shunned by them, and had received that very day her discharge from the factory—beyond these facts, little was elicited by the coroner's inquest. She was seen the evening before, for the last time, about the hour of twilight, taking her accustomed walk by the river's side; but whether she had thrown herself into the stream, or had accidentally fallen in, could not be determined from the evidence adduced, and the verdict of the coroner was rendered accordingly.

As there were no relatives or near friends to claim the body, or superintend its interment, it was buried from the boarding-house of the deceased. The occurrence of the death was duly noticed in the journals of the town and surrounding country, and then, like hundreds of similar cases, the whole was forgotten.

Could we read the sorrowful histories that lie back of the frequent suicides, whose brief notice in the papers of the day outrages our attention for a moment, could we know the cruel circumstances that conspire to drive a human being to self-murder, the last refuge of hopeless despair, we should behold more of sorrow, of unsoothed wretchedness than we dream exists in actual life. That existence must indeed be dark, which is voluntarily thrown away—that heart indeed burdened, which refuses to bear up longer, and seeks the rest of the grave!

Let us unravel the past history of the suicide of our story, and gather the circumstances that caused her to rush, unbidden, into the dim and mystic Future—and then let us remember that hers is but one of a thousand like cases.

Few who read the brief notice of Elizabeth Barnard's death, imagined how bitter a trial had closed with her existence, nor how much of sorrow and suffering had been crowded into her short and humble life. From her very birth, sorrow seemed to have marked her as the channel through which she was born of the factories of the town, and told that hereafter she was to look out for herself. This was certainly a change for the better; and after the first few days had familiarized Elizabeth to the din of the machinery, to its whirling, whizzing, incessant motion, which was now upward and downward, then hither and thither, circling and zigzag, and had become accustomed to the strange sights and sounds and smells, that greeted her senses, she realized that her situation was more favorable than had been.

But new trials here awaited her. Her life of seclusion from society, and her timidity, made her appearance uncouth in the eyes of her fellow-operatives, and she was soon the butt of their ridicule; and the stolidity with which at first she perceived this, and which she had been taught by experience to assume under such circumstances, and afterwards, as the jokes became broader and the ridicule more unspareing, the resentment she manifested, created dislike to her, and made her enemies.

Stories of petty wrong-doing, of falsehood, deception and theft, some of them true, and some ill-founded, which preceded the outbreak from Mrs. Weston's family, who, it was urged, ought to know Elizabeth—"broken pieces," and "pennies," and if she failed to obtain them, blows and cruelty awaited her return home. The torrid heat of midsummer, and the icy snows of winter alike witnessed the beggaring pilgrimage of the poor little creature, when at that tender age, at which most children are sheltered by parental love, and guarded from the very breath of heaven, lest it should visit them too roughly. Many a mile did she walk, on the bleakest days of our biting northern winter, threading the crowded streets of the city seeking for pennies, which were sometimes given, and sometimes denied, while the tears would almost freeze on her thin, pinched, blue cheeks, her little hands would ache with cold, even when tucked under her arms, and her chilled feet became numb where they protruded from the well-worn shoe. And when from the houses of opulence and thrift she was turned harshly away, unrelieved, her hunger and cold aggravated by the savary smell that issued from the kitchens and by the warm current of air that came thence to her wan face, as gratefully as the kiss of love, many a time has she sat down on the stone steps of the stately dwellings, and wept, as

the half-formed, indistinct wish to die passed through her young mind. Oh God, that there should be such destitution in this world of plenty, such wretchedness, where the means of comfort are so abundant!

Thus passed away the long years, till the little Elizabeth was seven years of age, and then the mother of the child sank under her excesses, and was buried beside her husband. Here now was an opening for some favor of Fortune; and had the orphan fallen among those who were disposed to deal kindly with her, another and a brighter fate would have been hers, than that which we have recorded. But a thorny path seemed marked out for the friendless child, and the family into which she was adopted as a servant, though it furnished her with comfortable food, clothing and lodging, yet dealt with her most rigorously. In the deepest and most repulsive sense of the term, she became its servant; and it soon became evident that Mrs. Weston's only object in admitting Elizabeth into the "outer court" of her family, for beyond that, the child never penetrated, was to perform the drudgery of the house-work, and to be in truth a mere kitchen scullion.

Physical labor, and that which was excessively severe, was imposed upon her, regardless of her ability to perform, fault-finding, reproofs and blows were experienced by her, both when she did ill, and when she did well. The means of education were sparingly afforded her, and even the slight chance to improve, grudgingly given her, benefited her but little; for she went from the kitchen to the school room so wearied, that her mind was sluggish and refused to act; recreations, needed by her physical nature for its proper development, and companionship with children of her own or any age, were wholly denied her; none save those in similar circumstances wished to associate with her, and with these she was forbidden intercourse; none loved or caressed her, for the poor girl's appearance was unprepossessing, and there ever dwelt on her smileless face an expression of gloom and dejection, which the superficial mistook for sullenness. Often did she watch the merry gambols of the children of the family where she dwelt, and listen to the music of their laughter, as they frolicked together; and though deemed by her stern matron incapable of reflection or serious thought yet her heart became heavier in her bosom, and a deeper sadness settled upon her spirit, as the contrast between her sad lot, and their bright one, forced itself upon her.

Thus the poor girl grew up to womanhood. Unloved, uncared-for, untaught, without education, without friends, without happiness in the present, or hope in the future, she lived on till her sixteenth year. Her spirit, naturally sad, and far from buoyant, was bowed to the very earth; and the strong feelings which accompany a melancholy temperament were so repressed in her own heart, that the channel through which she was born became deeper for the restraint. The low estimate of herself and her mental and moral powers, which was constantly made in her presence by those for whom she toiled, became at last the source of her despair, and the strong feelings which accompany a melancholy temperament were so repressed in her own heart, that the channel through which she was born became deeper for the restraint. 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